

Citizen and Home Guard

SUPPLEMENT TO DAILY ADVERTISER—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

Motto for the Week:

I have found life a warfare, but I have always found the weapons provided sufficient for the victory. The obstacle has been the necessity for the leap over it.
—Amelia Barr.

The Mikado.

The Greatest of Living Rulers.

For valor and sagacity the Emperor of Japan has won distinction and renown this year. A sovereign of whom but little was known by the world at the opening of the year stands in the front rank of mankind's rulers at the end of it. Anyone who runs over the list of living monarchs, marking the character and career of each of them, is likely to be led to believe that the foremost among them all is Mutsuhito, the Mikado of Japan. Look at his titles to fame, recall his life and work, and then think of those of any of the others, or of all of them. Under his rule the greatest and most marvelous transformation that ever took place within a short time in any nation of the world has been brought about. During his reign of 28 years, and under his guidance, Japan has cast off the feudalism which had existed there from time immemorial, has changed her political system from that of absolutist imperialism to that of parliamentary government under the crown, has reorganized her ancient social system, has adopted all the arts and industries of civilization, has become the first military power of the Oriental world, has developed her old resources and created new ones, has enlarged her commerce in such a measure as to alarm her western competitors, and has established for herself a high name among the leading powers of the earth. These are of the things which have adorned the history of Japan since the Emperor Mutsuhito ascended the throne of his ancestors in February, 1867, when he was in the 15th year of his life.

The record is one without a parallel in our age, if it ever had a parallel. There is not a doubt that the Emperor has been the leading spirit as well as the master of the Government during all the period of reconstruction. He it was who, under his own absolute authority, and soon after he assumed the crown, and when not yet 20 years of age, issued that revolutionary decree by which a large proportion of his subjects were relieved from disabilities old as his dynasty, and raised to the dignity of citizens of the empire. He it was who soon afterward issued the decree for the entire suppression of the feudal system, which had been rooted and grounded in his country. He it was who, six years ago, voluntarily divested himself of a part of his own powers, granted a liberal constitution, and created a Parliament of two Houses, which has the right to enact measures of legislation, subject to the veto of the crown, and which, within recent years, has repeatedly exercised a measure of independence not often surpassed by the Congress of the United States. Praise be to the enlightened Mikado, a title which, in his case, worthily illustrates its original meaning, "The Honorable Gate."

Such a gate is Mutsuhito. It would need many full pages to tell of the Emperor's works during the past quarter of a century. Suffice it to say that while he has had the counsel of statesmen of very high ability, it is mainly to him that the new Japan owes its existence. There is the best of reason for believing that in the conduct of the war now waged upon China he has played a leading part. When the war broke out he left his capital and took up his abode at a point upon the western coast, from which he could, as it were, the more easily survey the operations by sea and by land, at which he could obtain prompt intelligence of the course of events, and from which, as is known with assurance, he has issued orders that were quickly conveyed to his military and naval commanders. The Japanese Minister at Washington, who is not merely a courtier, but as proud a patriot as any in Japan, is the authority for saying that from the time the first shot of the war was fired in Korea until the army took up its march for Peking, the Emperor has every day actively exercised his full and immediate authority as commander-in-chief. It is not the less true that in the field of diplomacy, or in the conduct of negotiations with European and other foreign Governments, the Emperor has served his country at first hand. His recent speeches to the Houses of Parliament gave satisfactory proof of his thorough knowledge of all affairs relating to the interests of Japan.

Who is there among the living sovereigns of the world with whom he can be compared? Not certainly with any one of them in Asia, from the imbecile Hwangti of China to the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey. Look over the European list. The Czar of Russia is a young man who has just

reached the throne, and of whose ability nothing is known. The Emperor of Germany has yet to give proof that he possesses any genius for politics or for war. The Emperor of Austria is an amiable old ruler, who gets along as well as he can with his many-tongued subjects. The King of Italy—unhappy Umberto I! The lesser kings are not upon the list. The Queen of England is not upon it. The President of the French Republic has no place there. The score of other Republican Presidents in North and South America—peace be to them!

No other living ruler than the Emperor of Japan has a record like his, a record of great things accomplished, a record of progress and of victory. More than the reign of Augustus was to Rome, more than was that of Alfred or the Conqueror to England, or that of Gustavus Adolphus to Sweden, or that of Peter the Great to Russia, or that of Napoleon to France, or that of Victor Emmanuel to Italy, or that of William I. to Germany, more than the Presidency of Lincoln was to our own country, has been the reign of Mutsuhito to Japan.—[New York Sun.]

Putting One's Foot In It.

The Irishman who never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it must have had a very unhappy life. Mr. Darwin himself has noted in one of the most serious chapters of his "Descent of Man" the utterly disproportionate remorse and shame with which we recall our social slips. The social slipper (is that the proper noun?) pains not only himself but others also. It is only the disinterested third party who looks on and laughs. Our path through life is thickly strewn with temptations to social slips. You abuse the Jews or the Catholics in a mixed company and you find your interlocutor is a member of the religion attacked. You speak slightly of someone as puny and insignificant, and suddenly remember that your interlocutor is an even smaller man. You condemn divorce as immoral, and find you are talking to a divorcee. You quote a funny epitaph upon a man who has five wives and you don't know why your companion winces until you find out that he is living with No. 6. Or, quite innocently and inadvertently, you give away your true estimate of the guests around your table—like poor Mr. Norton, who, when Disraeli praised a certain wine, purled out complacently—"Why, I have wine twenty times as good in my cellar." "No doubt," said Dizzy, looking round the table, "but this is quite good enough for such canaille as you have got today." There is a story, varied a thousand ways, of which the reader himself, or some of his friends, has no doubt at some time or other been the unlucky hero. In its simplest form it may run as follows: At a public rout or assembly the hero asks a neighbor, "Who is that ugly girl over there?" or, "Who is that very offensive young man?"—whereat the neighbor hotly replies, "That is my sister," or "brother," or what not. The story is sometimes improved by the embarrassed querist stammering out, "Oh, I beg your pardon; it was very stupid of me, I ought to have recognized the resemblance." Or, it may take the following form: A certain German songstress asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly; but why did you select such a horrid piece of music?" "Sir, that was written by my late husband." "Ah, of course; I did not mean—." But why did you select such a cow to sing with you?" "A cow! that is my present husband." Or, it may assume some such form as the following: A party of visitors were being escorted by the superintendent through a penitentiary; they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Goodness!" whispered one of the visitors, "what vicious-looking creatures! What are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is my sitting-room, and these are my wife and daughters," was the overwhelming reply of the superintendent.

Living in the Suburbs.

Unless one is very watchful, and often in spite of watchfulness, the semi-suburbanite shuts himself off from the best social interests and advantages. He begins by imagining that there will be no difference; that he will see just as much of his friends and go just as frequently to balls and dinner parties, the concert and the theater, the educational or philanthropic meeting. But just that requisite and impending twenty minutes in the train or electric car at the far end of the day is liable to make a hermit of him to all intents and purposes by the end of the second year.—[From "The Art of Living—the Dwelling," by Robt. Grant, in the February Scribner.]

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Twentieth Century

Dr. Joseph Parker Criticised—The Replies of Canon Scott Holland and of Dr. Clifford, the Great Baptist Preacher.

Dr. Joseph Parker, in his remarks on the twentieth century and its glorious possibilities, which appeared in these columns recently attempted to cast a bombshell into the theoretical camp. There is nothing that the gifted preacher of the London Temple likes so much as the making and throwing of bombshells.

He has certainly drawn two eminent preachers into the arena. The one is Canon Scott Holland, who, when he is "in residence" at St. Paul's Cathedral, electrifies vast throngs assembled under the dome with his words of eloquence. The other is Rev. John Clifford, D.D., who is pre-eminent among the Baptist ministers of Great Britain.

Canon Scott Holland says he knows nothing or comparatively nothing regarding the twentieth century except just one thing, and that is that it will be very unlike what Dr. Parker imagines. This may sound audacious, but Canon Scott Holland believes that he can assert this with the utmost confidence, not because Dr. Joseph Parker is a poor prophet, but because he is not a perfect painter. He has entirely omitted from his picture the one permanent character which is stamped upon man at every point in his career, whatever be the time or place. Always, under every conceivable change, this essential character must abide; and the one thing, therefore, which we can be positive in asserting about the twentieth century is that man will be found in it to be what he has ever been, a pilgrim, moving forward; and moving forward with struggle and stress and strain, amid confusion and perils, facing foes within and without, bruised, wounded, yet upheld.

No century will save him while this present age continues. And, therefore, the one thing certainly known about him is that he will never be found to have settled down into snug suburban comfort, such as Dr. Parker amusingly portrays, without a pothouse, without a bath, without a dogma; saved from the allurements of a false prospectus, generally aware that all fraudulent directors have long ago been flogged, shaking hands enthusiastically with the tax gatherer on his doorstep as he goes his merry rounds, free from all danger of hearing sermons, and still more of preaching them; writing pleasant articles for magazines, which are certain to be duly paid for, untroubled by the sight of an established church and comforted by the thought that its endowments have come in so well for getting rid of the national debt.

"No," Dr. Parker exclaims Canon Holland. "That can never be the final goal of human history. No century will find man turning aside from his long pilgrimage, set loose from his high warfare, and comfortably housed in easy quarters with a life annuity."

"And as he will most certainly be still under the strain of a dangerous and weighty call; and will still be working his way out of entangling evil into heroic good; it will, therefore, still make a tremendous difference whether he sets about it in the right way or the wrong; whether he applies the energies of his reason to the task; whether he can manage his weapons; whether he has trained himself to make best use of his proper tools. That is, it will still be a vital matter what he thinks. Of course, if everybody has become nice and good, and there is nothing more to be done, and there is a balance at the bank, and it is a pure pleasure to pay rates and taxes, and the House of Lords has ceased from troubling, and Sir William Harcourt has lain down with Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Keir Hardie is leading them, and vestries and county councils have died unwept, and we need only saunter in the garden with a cigarette spudding a weed when it strikes our fancy, then, no doubt, the importance of right and accurate thinking on high things is not so obvious. We may shut up our books, dismiss our historians, give decent and final burials to all ancient heresies, as Dr. Parker suggests.

"But in the stress of a difficult, immense, and complicated work, it cannot but make a difference what skill we have acquired, what knowledge we have stored. It will most certainly make a difference whether we have learned anything out of the experiences of the past, whether we have taken note of old blunders, and are distinctly aware of pitfalls into which men have been dragged before now, and have apprehended with a steadier intuition the true inwardness of the mission on which we have been sent. In the thick and the roar of a vast battle it will be better for us to be in the place where we are really wanted than in one where we are useless, better to understand what is going on forward than to be totally ignorant of the

General's design; better to move in the direction ordered than to plunge into a casual skirmish on our own hook, wherever it strikes us as expedient. This redemption of human destinies out of ruin into salvation will remain to the last a very big and a very serious job. It will tax our utmost capacities; it will demand our finest power of judgment; it will necessitate concerted action; and all concerted action involves thought, care, attention, obedience, restraint, discipline.

"Spiritual faith is certainly the root of the whole matter, and moral goodness is the only right issue. But faith's power to advance, to prevail, to redeem, is bound to depend on whether we can add to our faith, knowledge; and moral goodness will only attain its perfection according as it has been inspired by a right judgment delicately trained.

"Therefore it is absolutely certain that the success of this soldier-hero man, warring his stony way out of darkness into light, will inevitably depend in the twentieth century, as much as in all other centuries, on the grip that he retains on a creed. It will depend on his power to unite his individual efforts into a concerted movement on behalf of the name of Christ; the movement of men who have agreed together on the meaning of the name, and who understand something of that which they believe in common; the movement of men who have come to that agreement out of the accumulated experience of the centuries behind them during all which, by a continuous development, they have learned to read the name aright, and how to avoid illusions and misinterpretations and vagaries.

Dr. Clifford does not see eye to eye with Dr. Parker; it would be strange if he did. The eminent Baptist minister sees "an ideal church" in the twentieth century. In the coming century, he says, the difference between religion and theology will be as clearly understood and accepted as the difference between living a rejoicing life in the summer sunshine and knowing all about the movements of Jupiter and Uranus. It will be seen that religion has no more to do with the mere recitation of creeds in public worship than with the repetition of the columns of the multiplication table, and that as to theological dogmas has no closer relation to admission to the society of Jesus than the mastery of the rule of three has to the conditions of loving friendship. Theology will know its place and dwell in the classroom of the professor of divinity, and of the students, teachers, and preachers of the science of religion; but it will not keep the doors of the churches locked against any who love Christ and seek to do his will, or build again walls of partition between religions out of the different literary settings given to the historic facts and eternal ideas of the Gospel of Christ.

"The theology of the next century will be really progressive. It will not find its boundary in the fifth or the first century, in the Apostles' or the Athanasian Creed, in the Catechism of Westminster or the articles of the Prayer Book, in the system of Calvin or the propositions of Arminius. It is based on a person, not a proposition, and therefore it must be living and progressive, ever susceptible of readjustment, of a fresh setting, of new applications. It has all the powers of an endless life, and like Tennyson's reward of virtue, 'It is always going on and ever to be.' No one confessed more freely and gladly than Paul that he was complete in Christ now; but looking ahead, he says: 'Then shall I know even as I am known.' We have to follow on to apprehend and apply to the changing needs of life the ideas of his revelation. We do not know more than the alphabet of our Gospel. It is full of unexhausted energies and undeveloped ideas, and of latent capabilities for all the moral needs of the coming century. Its best work is in the future, and its most gladdening promises of gifts for men are to be fulfilled in the salvation, not of a cluster of men here and there, but of nations—yea, of humanity. The wisdom of God in the Crucified Man will bring every thought into captivity to him, and cast it into the moulds of his divine ideas. His ethics, with their selfless basis, like his altruistic spirit, will cast out the sin and pessimism of man and bring in the gracious and pure rule of God.

"In Dr. Clifford's opinion the twentieth century will be prolific in new social growths and dominated by new social ideals. Man is taking possession of the whole globe. New races are coming into the light of the Gospel. The peoples of India and China

will exhibit, as the century proceeds, the glorious fullness of Christ. Humanity as an organism will reveal the spiritual brotherhood of mankind, and supply new spheres for the marvelous energies of the Son of Man. The poverty and wealth of the individual we know; the riches of the social life we have yet to discover, and as Christ is the Saviour of the individual, so also is he the Saviour of society. The ideal church is the ideal of society. The training in Christian duties within the bracing and genial atmosphere of the Christian community is the preparation for the realization of the brotherhood of men in the strong and tumultuous life of industry and politics. Therefore, sociology will hold a large space in the theology of the next century. We can only serve society by the spirit of the cross; the spirit of self-sacrifice. The churches have to modify the structure of society, expelling everything that makes a lie, that is unjust or produces injustice, and theology must set forth those formative, architectonic ideas of Christianity, which being incarnated in the lives of men remake society. Not that the old theology of the individual must be dismissed. It cannot be. Progress does not consist in dispelling one truth by another, but in eliminating the accretions of error and widening the applications of truth. So "God broadens out each breadth of life to meet." We must retain the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, of the certainty of adequate and available divine help for struggling men; while we welcome all that is taught us of the exhaustless opulence of Christ by the unfolding of the social life of mankind.

Military Signaling.

During the autumn the armies of Europe have been marching and countermarching, charging and retreating, all over the respective countries that they have been organized to defend, experimenting with all sorts of new arms and engines, and applying new tests to the old methods of warfare. But perhaps the most interesting thing to the casual observers at these great autumn maneuvers was the number of contrivances used for keeping open communication between various regiments, army corps, and divisions.

In one part of France this fall the maneuvers consisted of an attack by an entire army corps upon a large fortress. The defenders of the fort had established many redoubts and outposts on hill-tops and in farm-houses and in wind-mills. All these outposts were connected by telephone. The men of the signal corps strung the wires several days before the attack was expected, so that when the enemy appeared the outlooks were enabled to converse with their superiors inside the fortress just as if they had been only a few yards away.

The country all about the fort was mapped out and divided into squares that were either numbered or lettered, and the soldiers knew exactly how to aim the cannons and mortars in the fort so that the shells would drop in certain places. In actual warfare the pickets would telephone to the commanding officer that a squadron of cavalry was approaching behind a hill to the north, or that several regiments of infantry were hiding in a bit of woods to the south. Then the big guns in the fort could be trained on the woods or on the depression behind the hill, and shells could be dropped on the enemy's advance guard even while he was out of sight, and the invading force might thus be prevented from securing an advantageous position from which to attack.

The telephone system used by the French soldiers on this occasion was a campaign outfit that could easily be transported any distance. It was very simple, consisting merely of coils of copper wire, of pronged bamboo poles for supports, and of mouth-pieces and ear-pieces to talk and hear through. A telephone line like this can be rapidly set up, as a wagon can carry the bamboo poles along, and a man with a coil of wire on his back can lay the wire as fast as his companions can stick the poles into the ground.

Woman is all things but a soldier; but when her equality is sufficiently extended there will be no more soldiers wanted.

The Revelation of Science.

Science has enlarged our conception of God by enlarging our conception of the universe. Before science did this our little world was considered to be in the center of creation; and it was believed that the sun, moon and stars revolved around it every 24 hours. Our little planet was the most important place which God had created, and the Lord was supposed to have this for his chief care. But astronomy came and showed us that the earth was only one among myriads of planets, the sun only one of many million suns, our earth but a speck in the heavens. And so, with the knowledge of the universe grew our idea of its Creator.

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The Number Seven

An interesting discovery has just been made by a contributor a French periodical, who has apparently a touch of superstition in his character concerning numbers. Whether or no he believes in the mysterious or uncanny influence of number thirteen is not stated; but he points out that the unfortunate President Carnot was throughout his life under the influence, so to say, of the cipher seven. He was born in 1837, and entered the Ecole Polytechnique in 1857. He became President of the Republic in 1887, in virtue of the seventh article of the constitution. On May 17, 1894, he presided at the centenary fetes at the Ecole Polytechnique. He died in the 57th year of his age and in the seventh year of his presidency. In the carriage in which he was seated when assassinated there were, including the driver, etc., seven persons, the crime being committed on a Sunday, the seventh day of the week, by Caserio, an Italian, their being respectively seven letters in these two words. To conclude this list of sevens it is pointed out that M. Carnot's remains were laid in the tomb in the seventh month of the year, and on the seventh day after the murder was committed.

Three Rules for Life.

1. Look for good, not evil, in all things. Cultivate the habit of seeking the best in every person and every event. The bane of our life is that cynical contempt which finds in all things only weakness, only something to be criticised and despised. Seek good, as Jesus sought it, everywhere; and, if we seek, we shall find. Faith in God is faith in goodness; and, conversely, faith in goodness is faith in God, and leads to him. 2. Do always the best you can. Be not satisfied with doing as well today as you did yesterday, but look up to something higher and better. Look upon each new day which comes as an opening into a higher world and a better life. When an opportunity of doing good comes, think that God sends it. Be faithful in small things, because they also are divine duties, full of heavenly peace and may lead to the greatest blessing. 3. Select the best influences, read the best books, see the best people. Surround your mind and heart with what is highest. We can never escape the influence of our environment. If we habitually associate with those who disbelieve in God, in human goodness, in the possibility of progress, we shall take that tone ourselves. If we go with those who make this life a playground, who live only for self-indulgence, we also shall drift in that direction. But, if we seek the companionship of the pure and generous, the upright and honorable, their lives will send an influence into ours, and we shall find it easier as the days go on, to be generous ourselves.

A Progressive Pope.

Leo XIII. is probably the most notable Pope who has sat on the throne since Leo X., and he is a far better, if not a subtler man, although there are those who say that, with the exception of Bismarck, the present Pope is the only first-rate diplomatist in Europe. Leo XIII., in spite of his unfortunate decrees about the infallibility of the Bible, which can only rank with the equally foolish papal infallibility and immaculate conception dogmas of Pius IX., is politically if not theologically up to date. His advice to Ireland has been temperate, to the American strikers wholesome, while his timely arbitration, accepted both by the Peru Government and the insurgents, has lately prevented a bloody and useless war. At home he has been the friend of sanitation, and no enemy to education (only an enemy to the severance of education from religion, as a good many people in England at this moment are). He has built the Roman a splendid cholera hospital, fitted with the latest scientific improvements. He has founded asylums for the poor and aged, and at his own expense he has built a noble aqueduct for supplying his native town of Carpinetto with pure water. But, at the present moment, the popularity of the Pope is largely political. As a rule, when the King's Government is unpopular, the Pope is popular. It is like Vesuvius and the Solfatara, when one is active the other is quiescent, and vice versa.—[The Rev. H. R. Haweis, in the Fortnightly Review.]